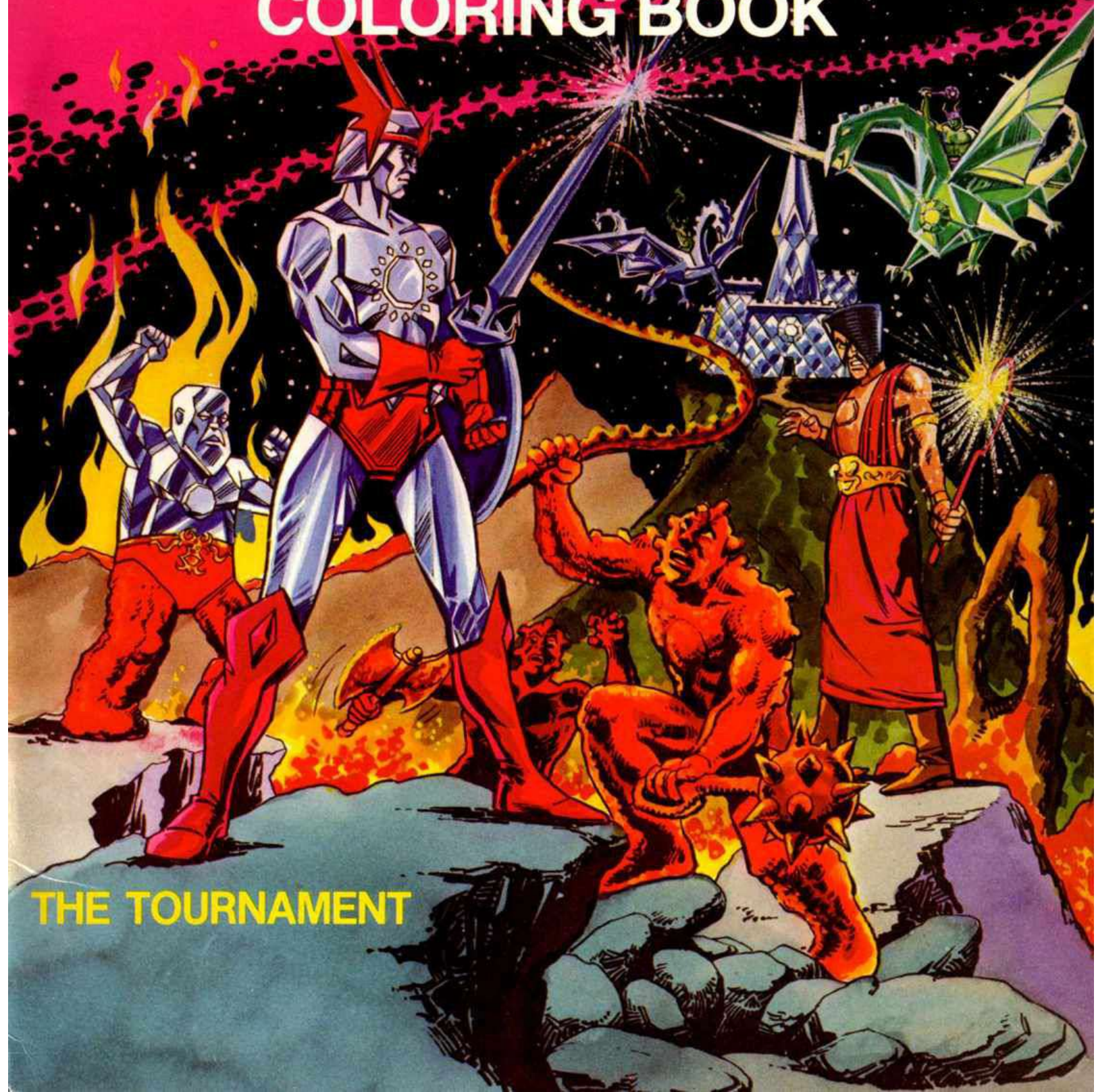


CRYSTAR

CRYSTAL WARRIOR™

COLORING BOOK



THE TOURNAMENT

CRYSTAR™

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COLORING BOOK



by
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and
JOE GIELLA



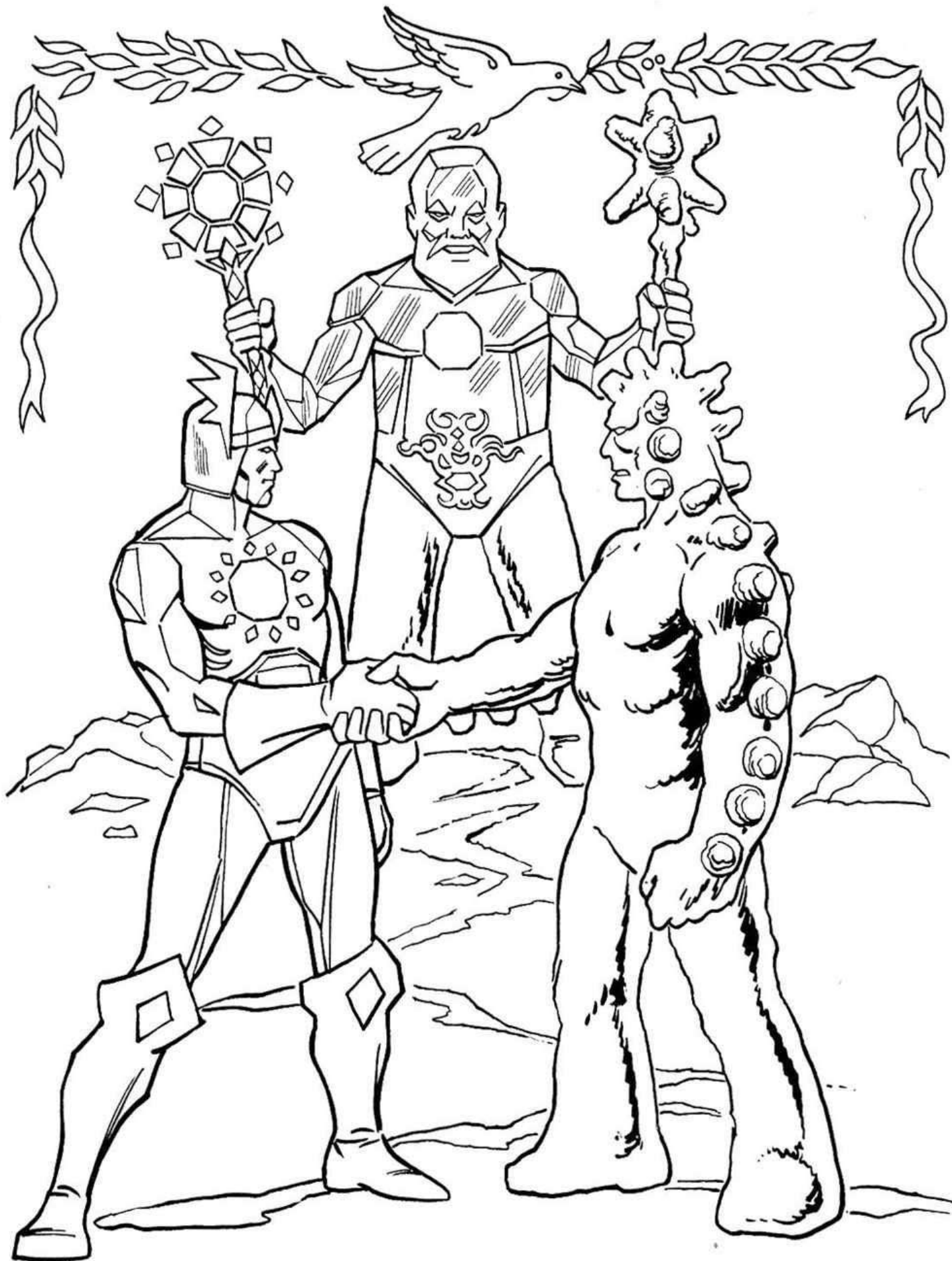
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Feldspar is the uncle of Crystar and Moltar. He is a man of peace.



He became half-crystal and half-lava because he does not like to see the brothers fight each other.



He believes that, this way, he can talk to *both* brothers and get them to give up war, and agree to live in *peace*.



But until that day of peace comes, Feldspar stands alone in the fight between good and evil—between Crystar and Moltar!



Meanwhile, In the Magma Dungeon . . .
"We must attack and defeat Crystar!" says Moltar. "But how?"

"Moltar! Zardeth! This fighting with Crystar must stop!"



"What? Who comes?" says Moltar. "It's Feldspar!" says Zardeth.

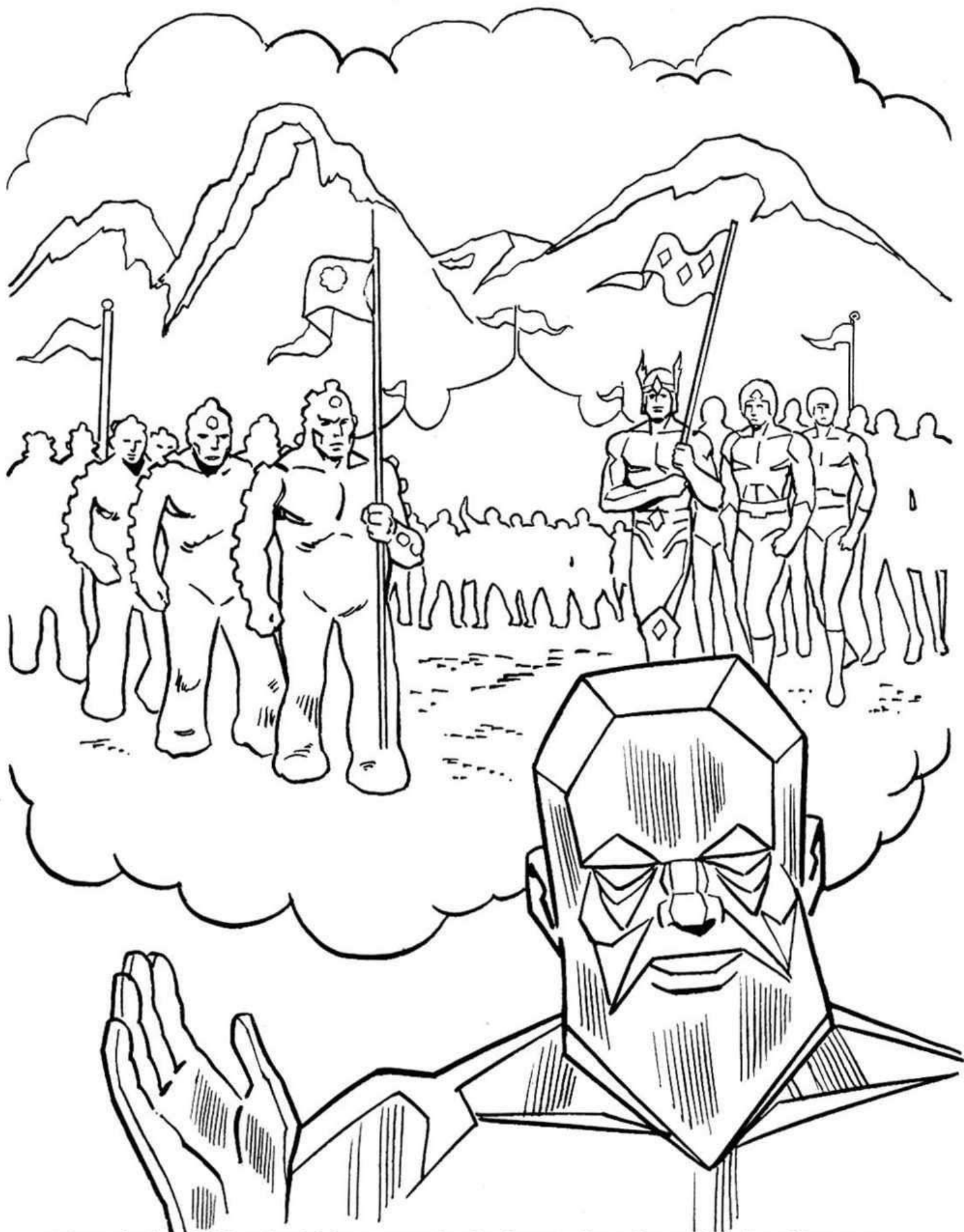
"Instead of war, we can end the fighting with a *Tournament for Peace!*" says Feldspar.



"Never!" shouts Moltar.



"Walt!" says Zardeth. "I think it's a great idea!"



"Good! It will be held in a neutral place—in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains! It will be the last battle on Crystalium!" says Feldspar.



"I'm going to go tell Crystar and the wizard, Ogeode, about the tournament!" says Feldspar. "Good-bye!"



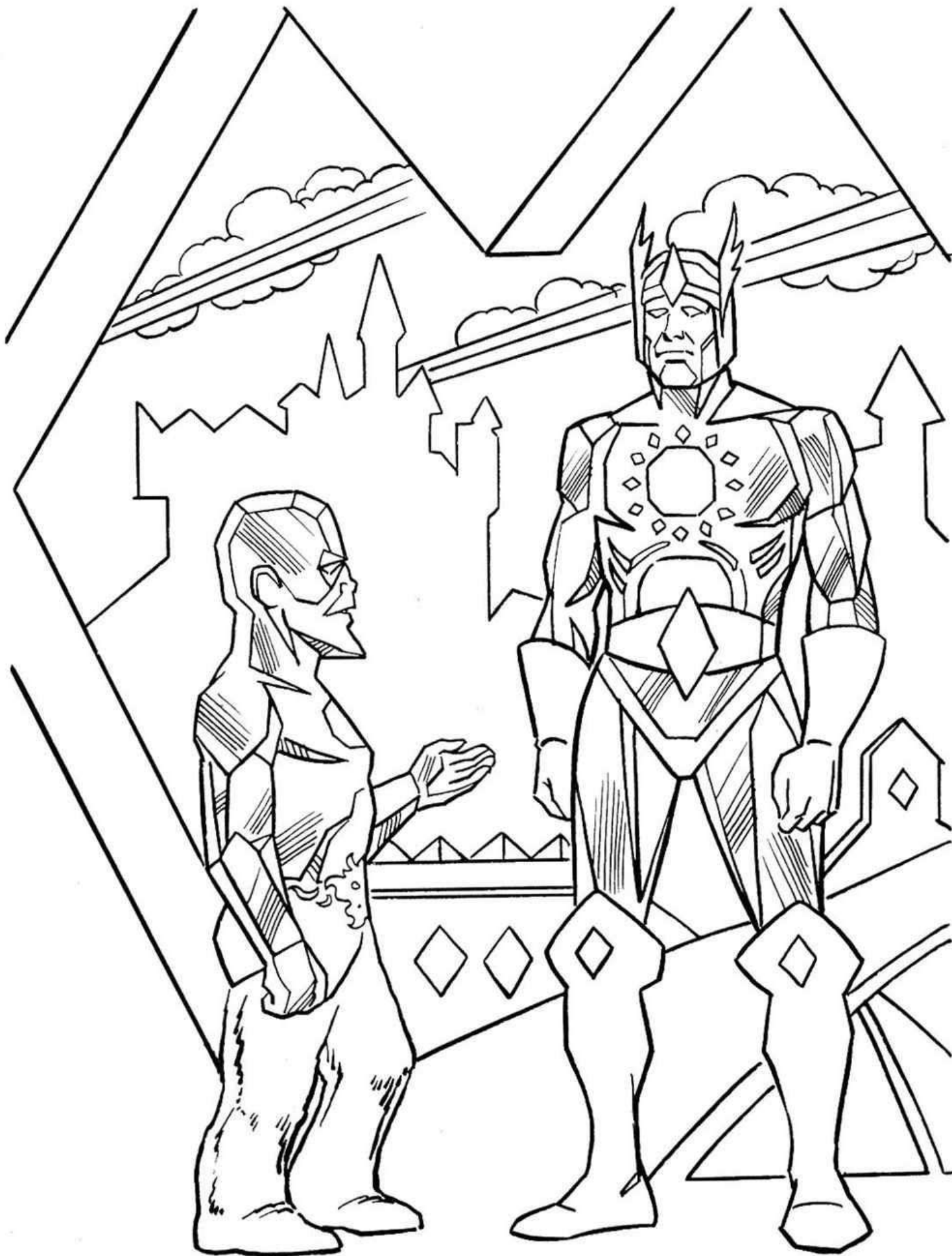
"Ha! The fool! We shall turn the tournament into a *trap*! Crystar and his men shall fall—and so shall their unguarded city, Galax!"



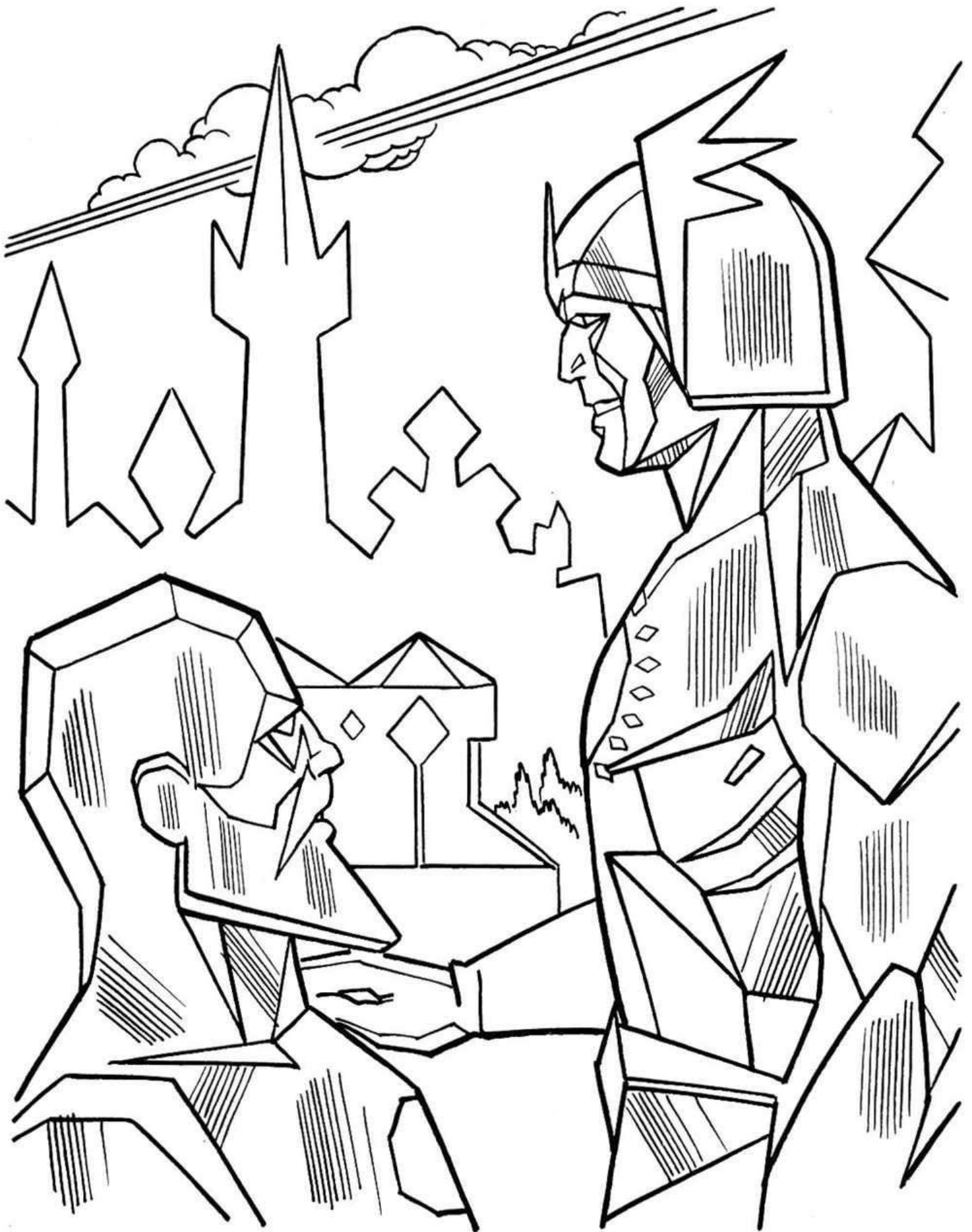
— Meanwhile, Feldspar walks up the trail to the great crystal city of Galax —to the beautiful home of Crystar!



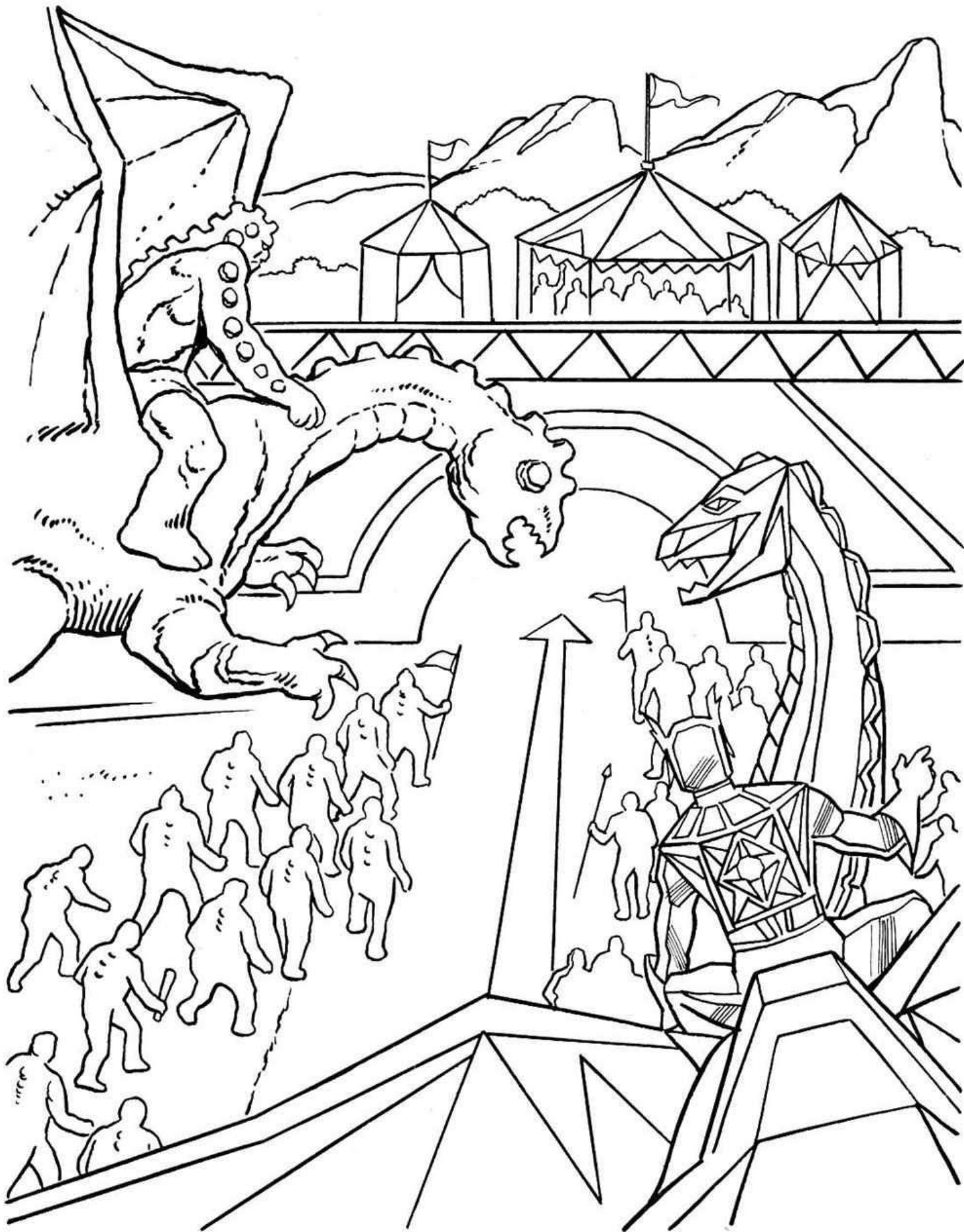
"Tell Crystar I must speak to him! I have found a way to bring peace to Crystallum!" says Feldspar.



"Moltar and Zardeth have agreed to a Tournament For Peace! It will be perfectly fair! I will be the Judge!" says Feldspar.



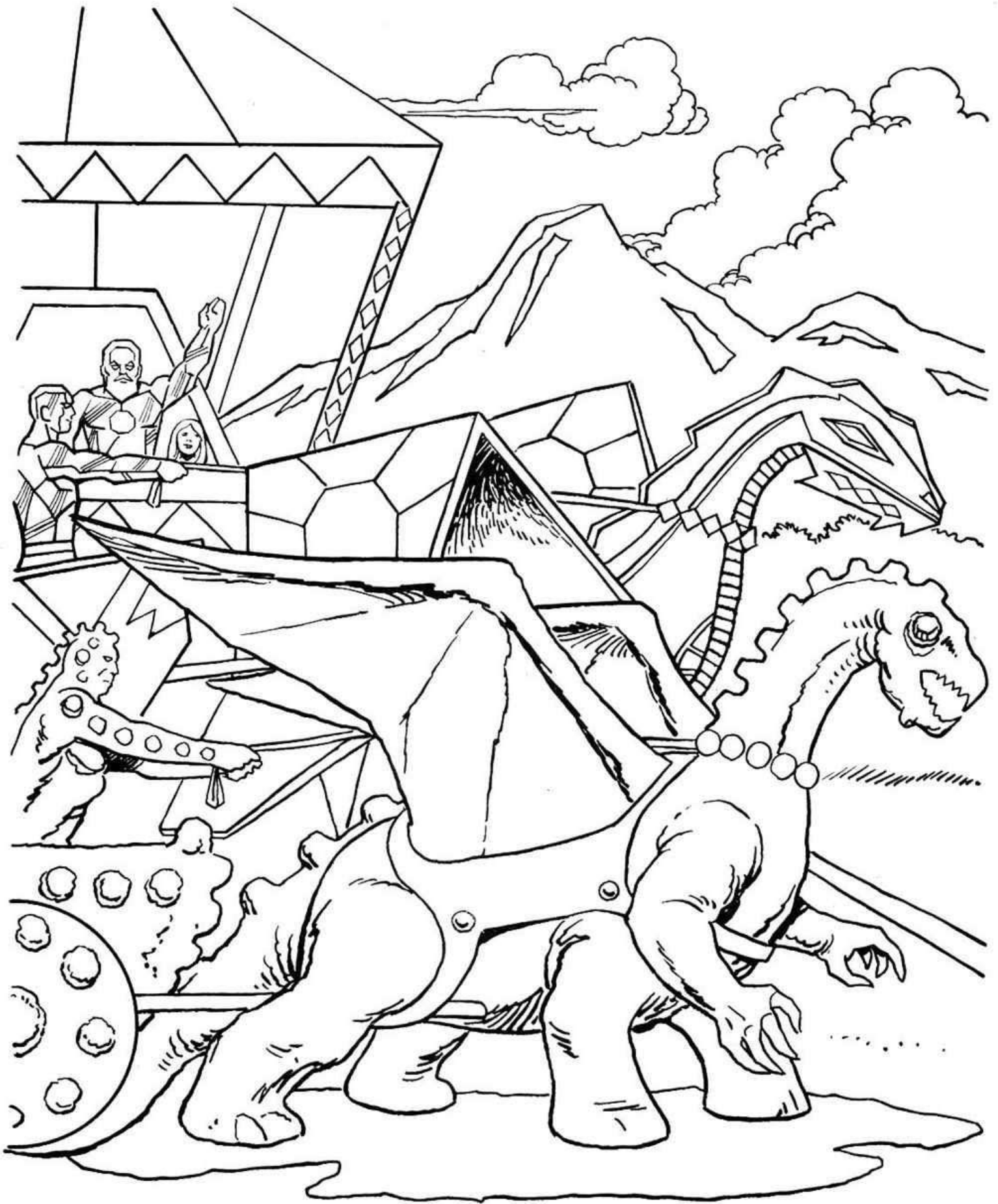
"You have done what no one else could do, good Feldspar!" says Crystar. "We shall join you and Moltar in the tournament!"



The next day, the forces of Moltar and Crystar journey to the valley for the great *Tournament For Peace!*



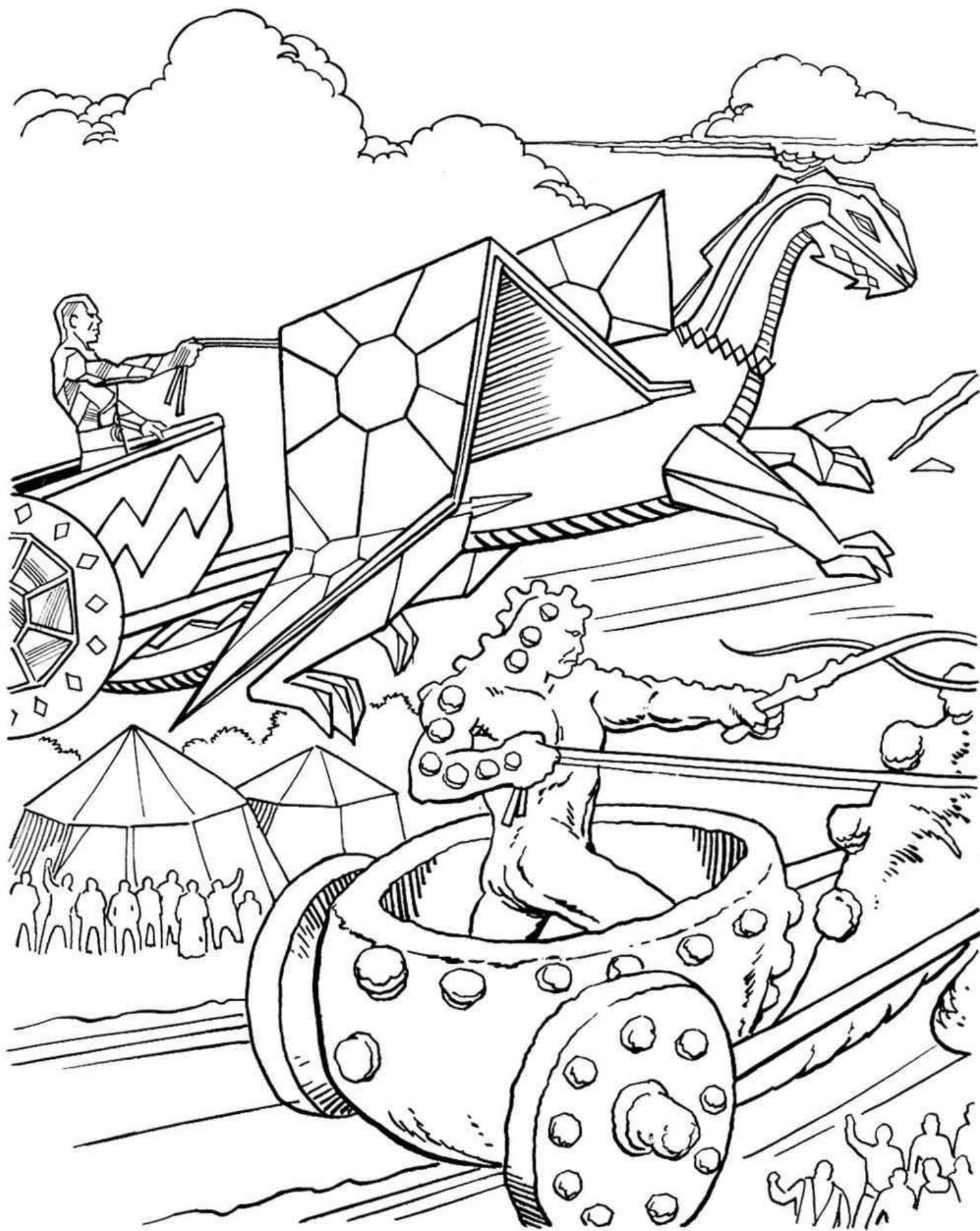
"Let the tournament begin!" shouts Feldspar.



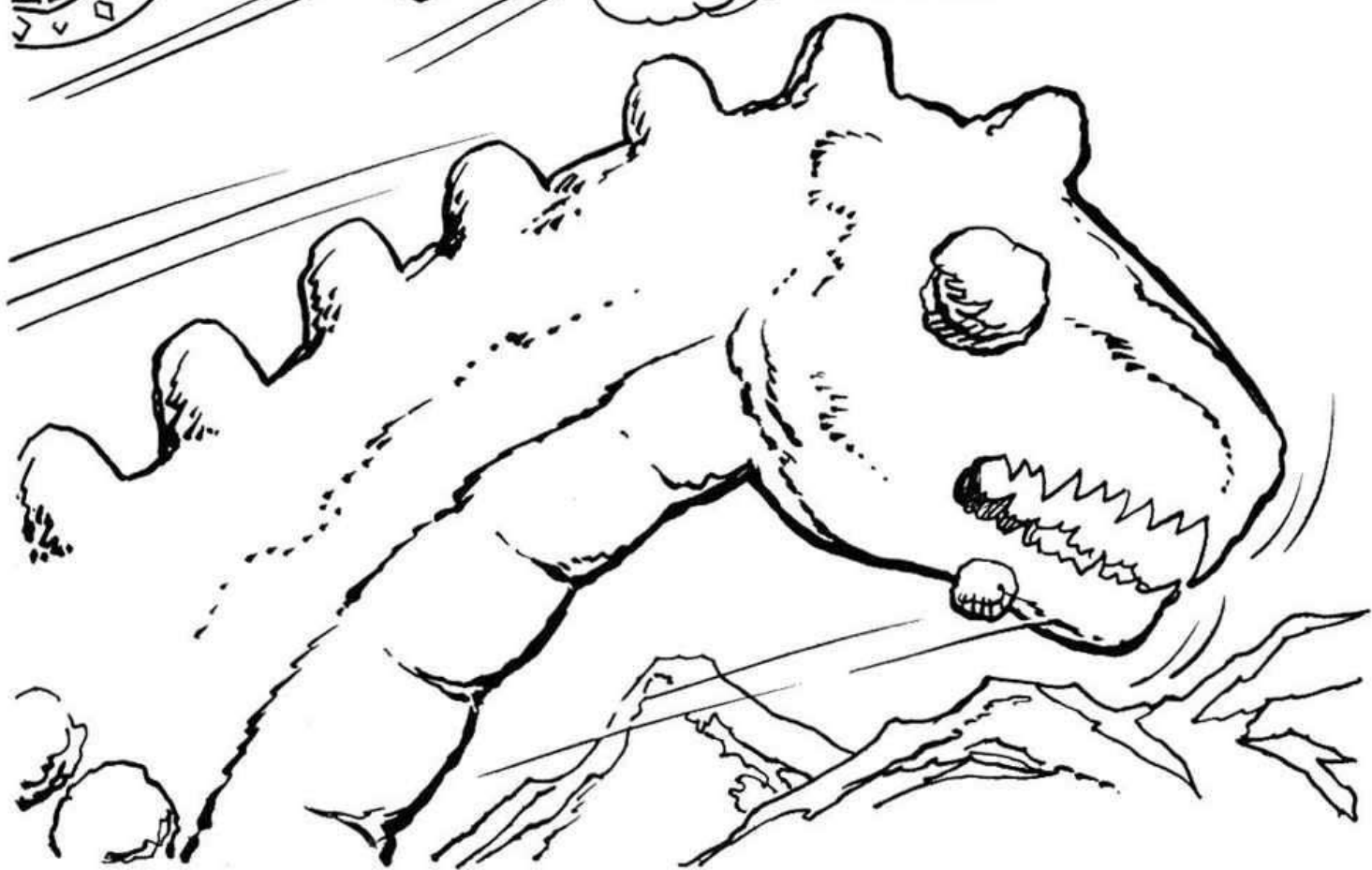
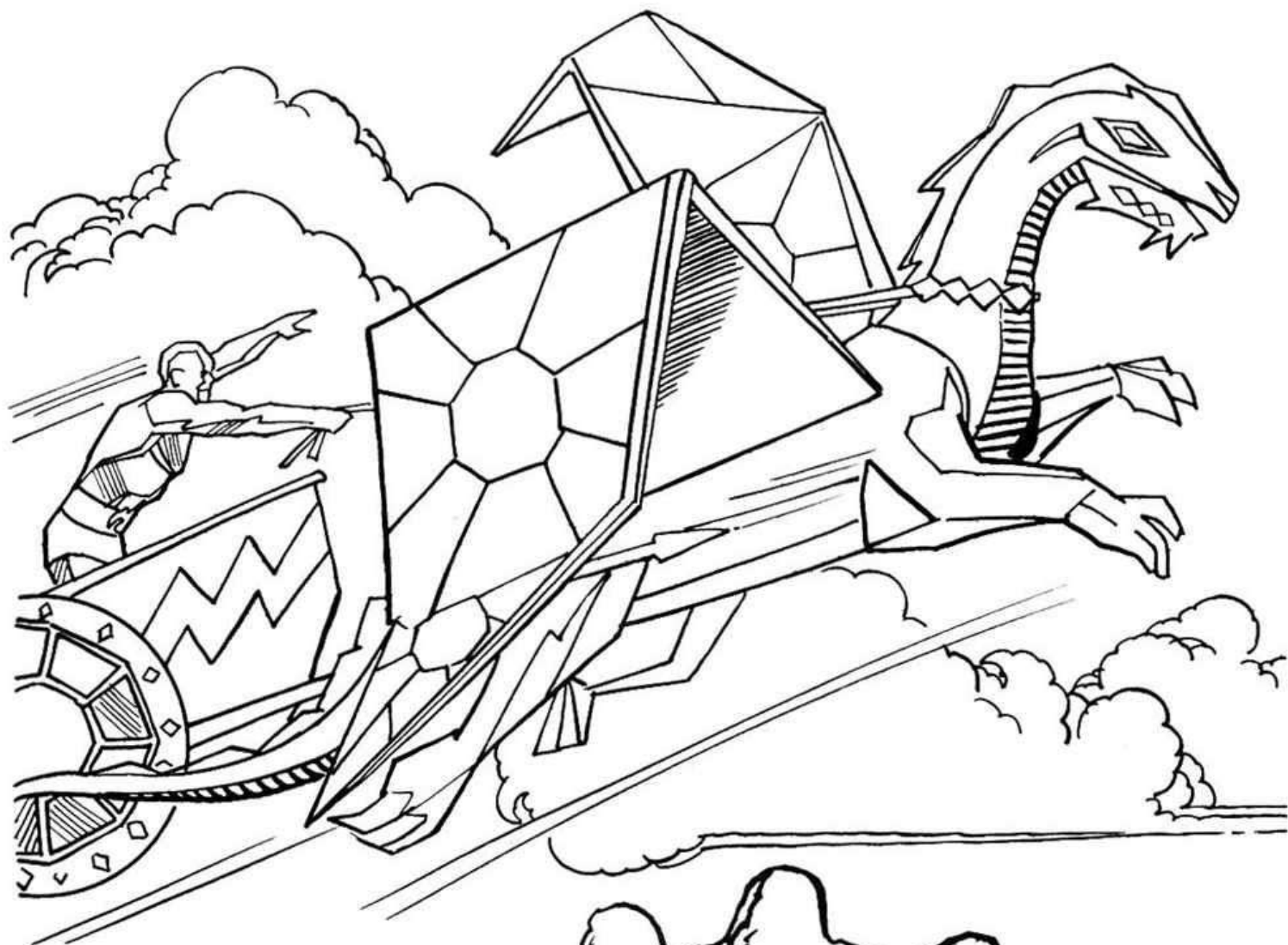
"The first event shall be the *sky-chariot race!*" shouts Feldspar.



"Good luck, Warbow!" shouts Ambara.



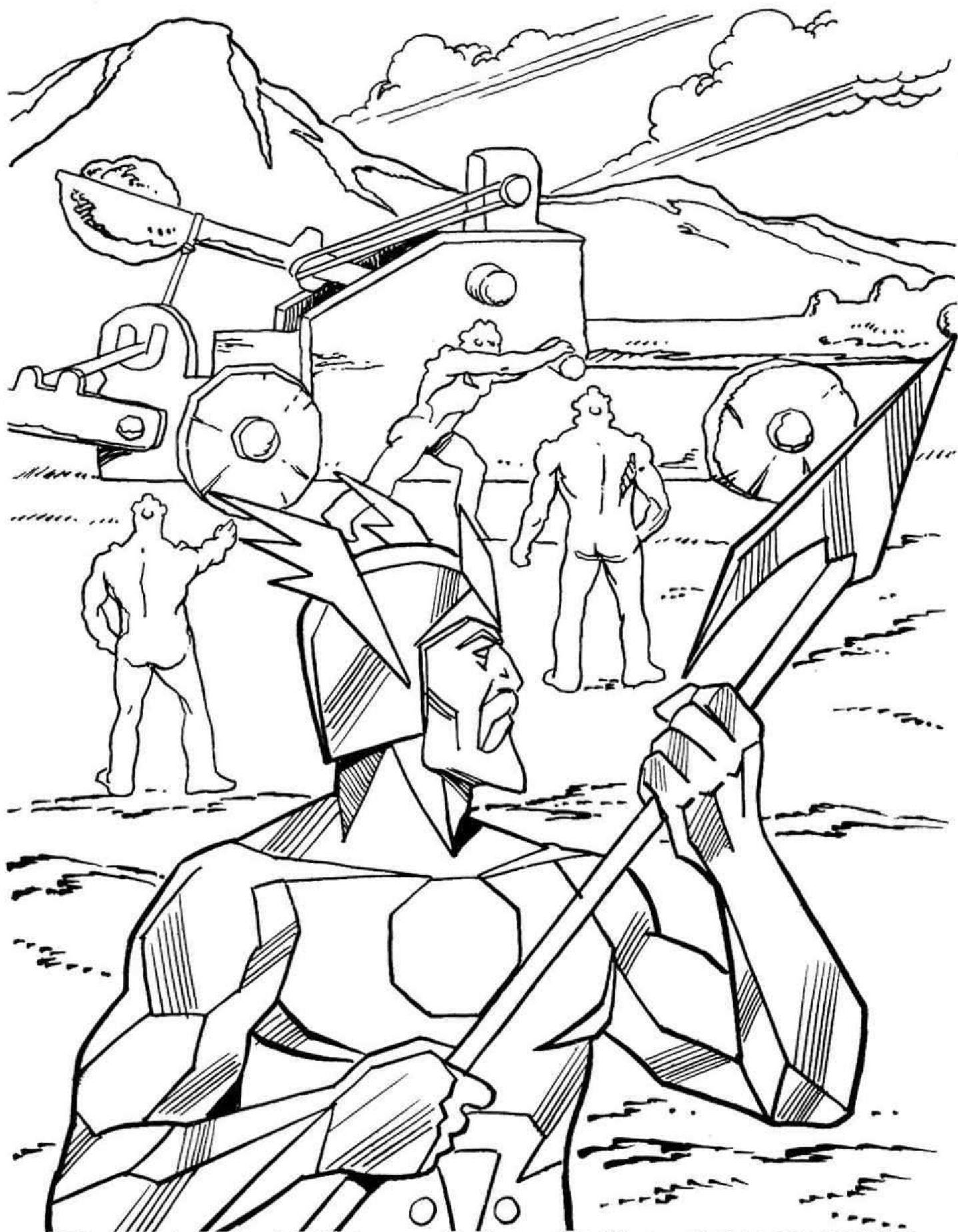
"On your mark . . . get set . . . go!" shouts Feldspar.
"May the best man win!"



The Magma Man's lava dragon is fast,
but Warbow's crystal dragon is *faster*!



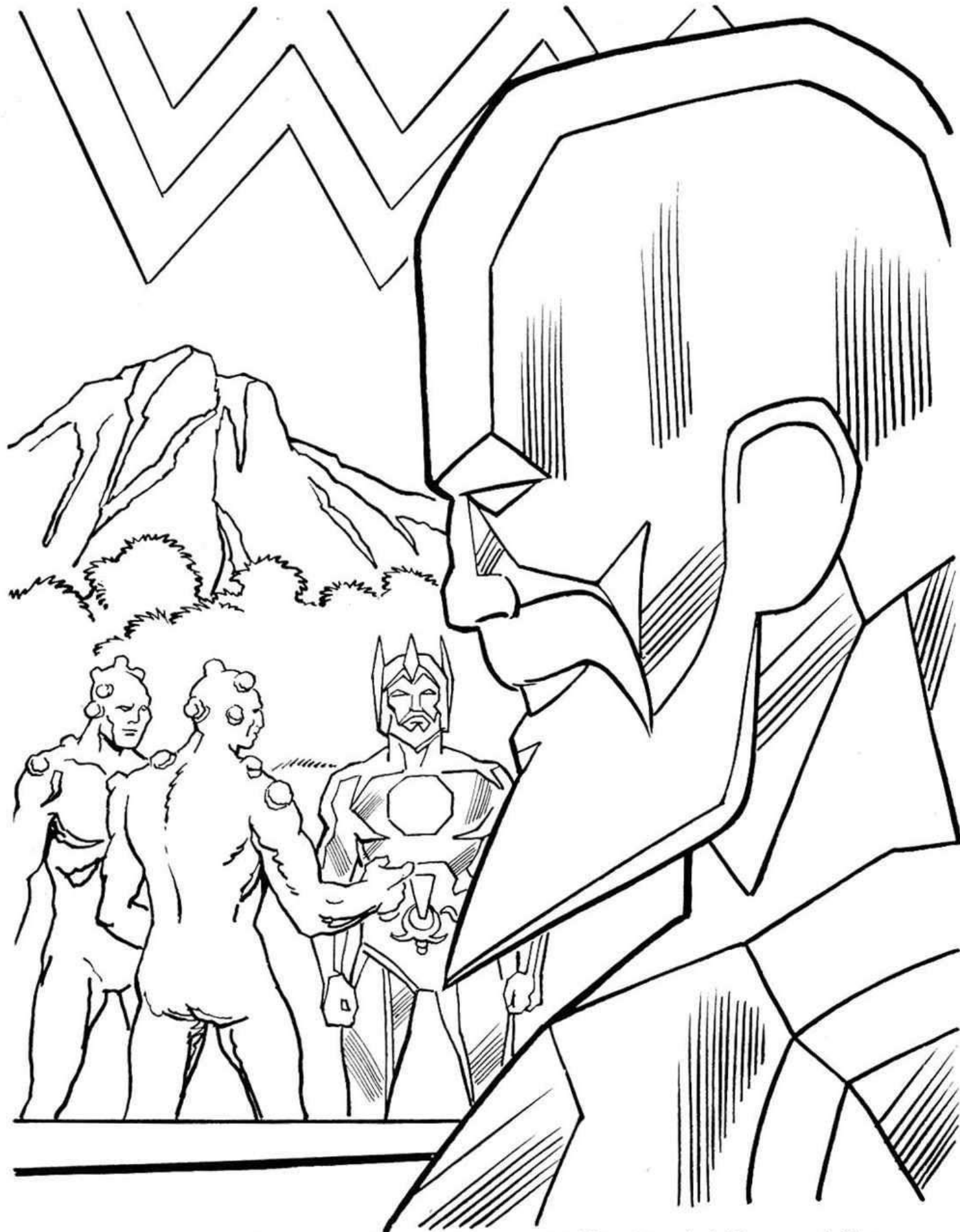
Warbow wins!



"The next contest is between *Kalibar* with his crystal spear and the Magma Men with their shatterpult—to see who can throw the *farthest*!"



**"We hope you throw your best, Kalibar!" say the Magma Men.
"Thank you! And may your shatterpult shoot far today, also!"
replies Kalibar.**



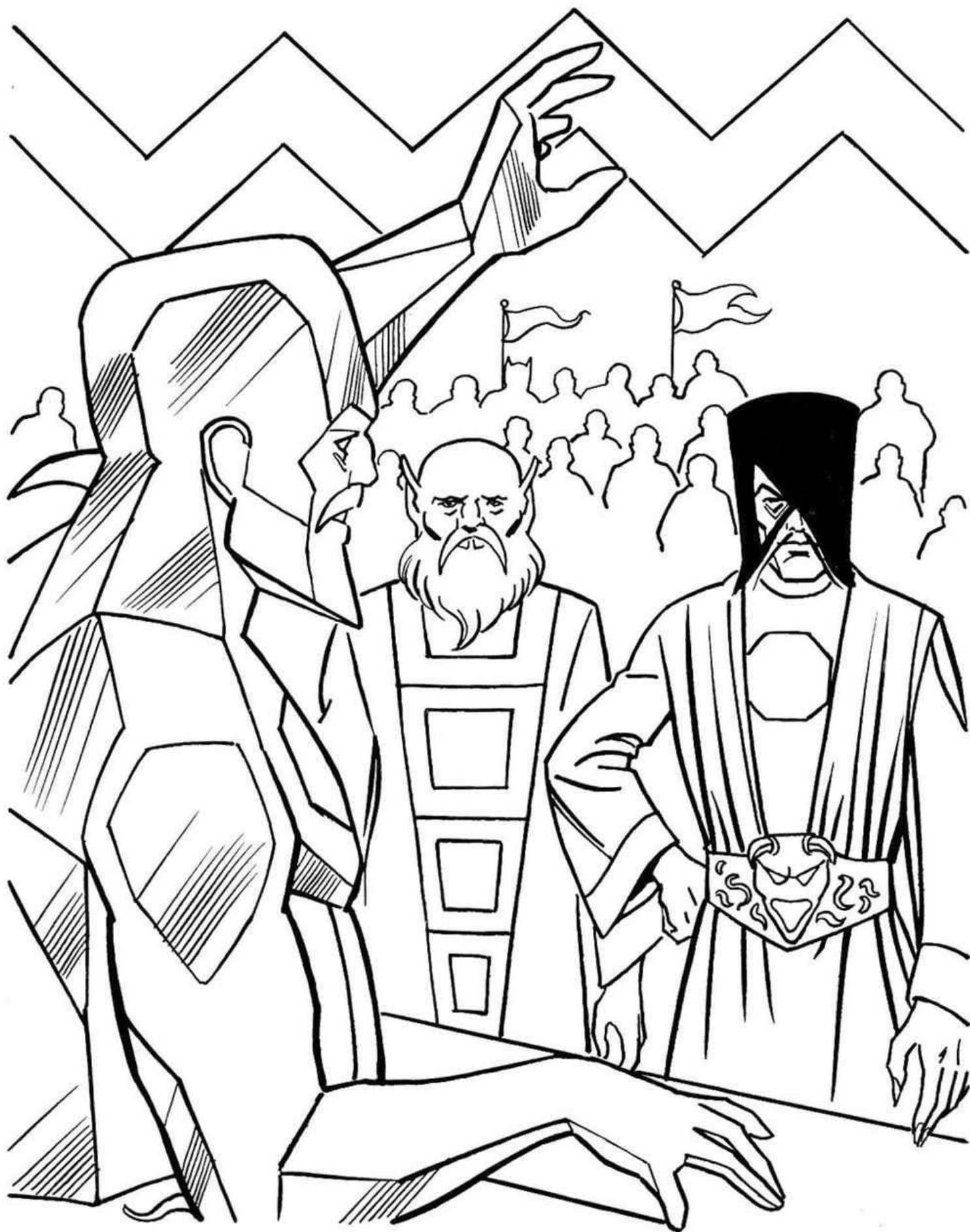
"I am glad to see such good will between the Crystal Men and the Magma Men!" says Feldspar. "At last there *will* be peace in Crystalium!"



"Look at that rock and spear go!" shouts Ambara.



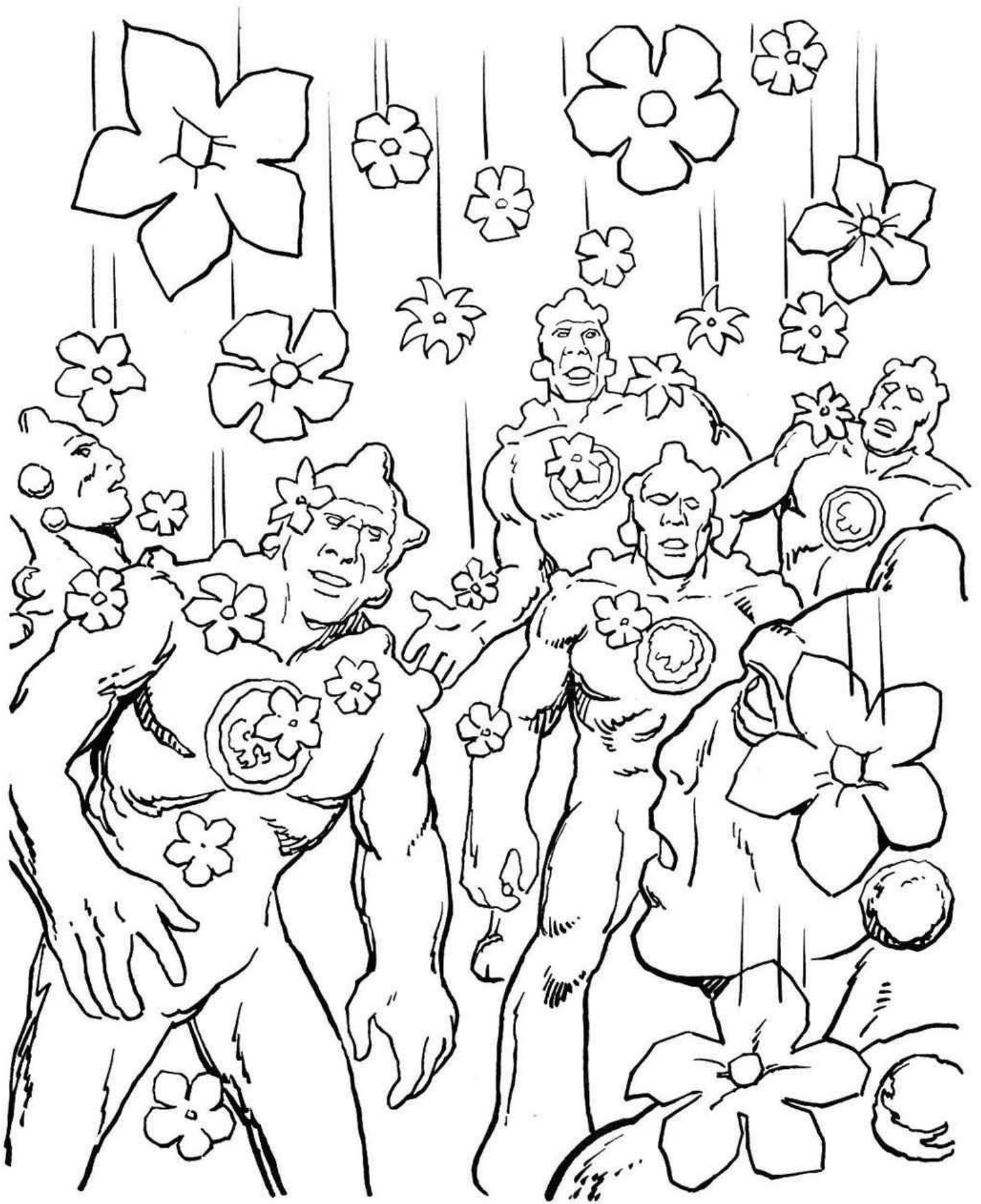
It's a tie!



"Before the final contest between Crystar and Moltar, we will have the *Wizards' Contest* between Ogeode and Zardeth!" says Feldspar.



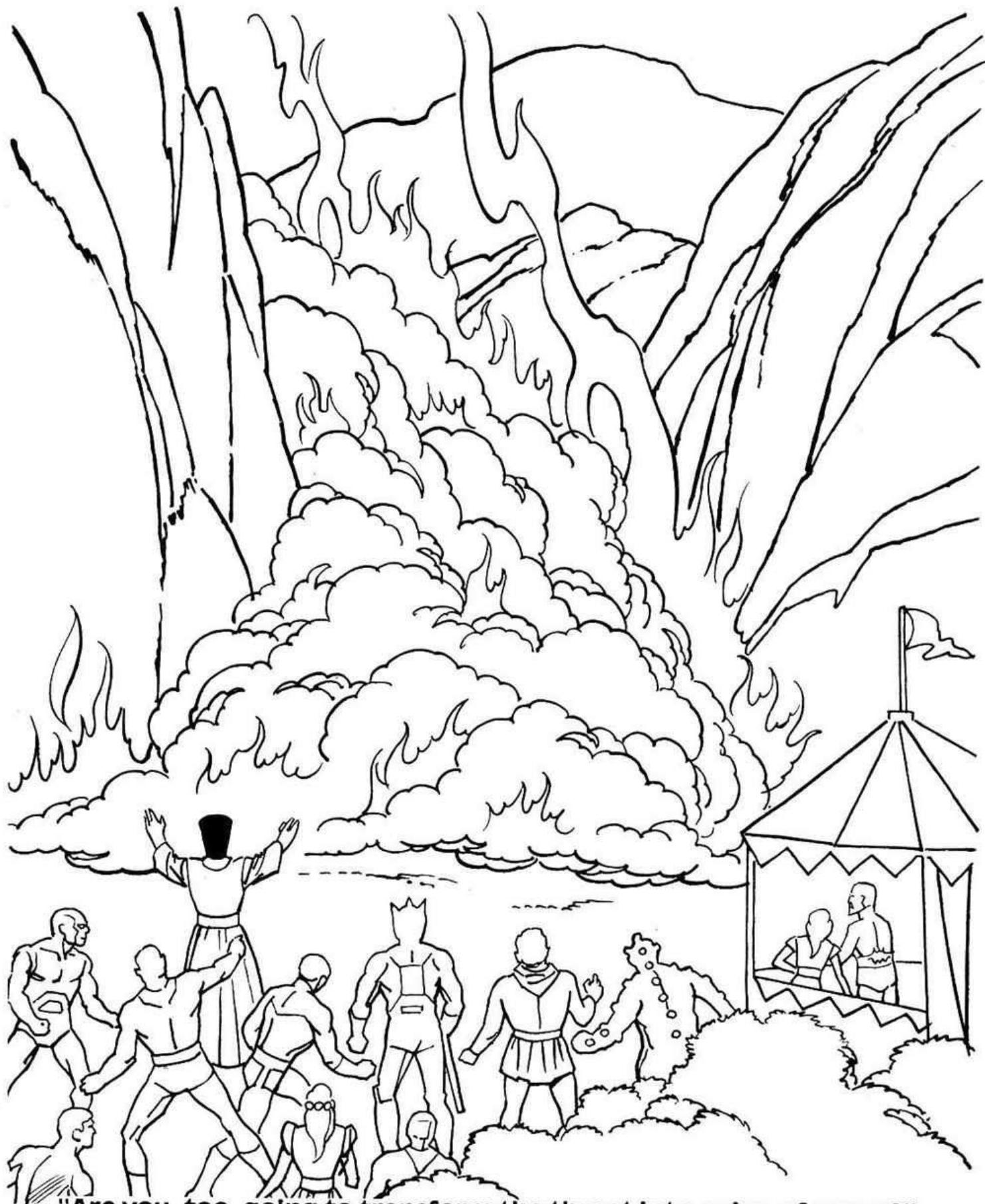
"I shall produce a great *crystal rain!*" says Ogeode. "We've been tricked!" say the Magma Men. "That rain will hurt us!"



But the moment the rain hits the Magma Men,
it magically turns into beautiful *flowers*!

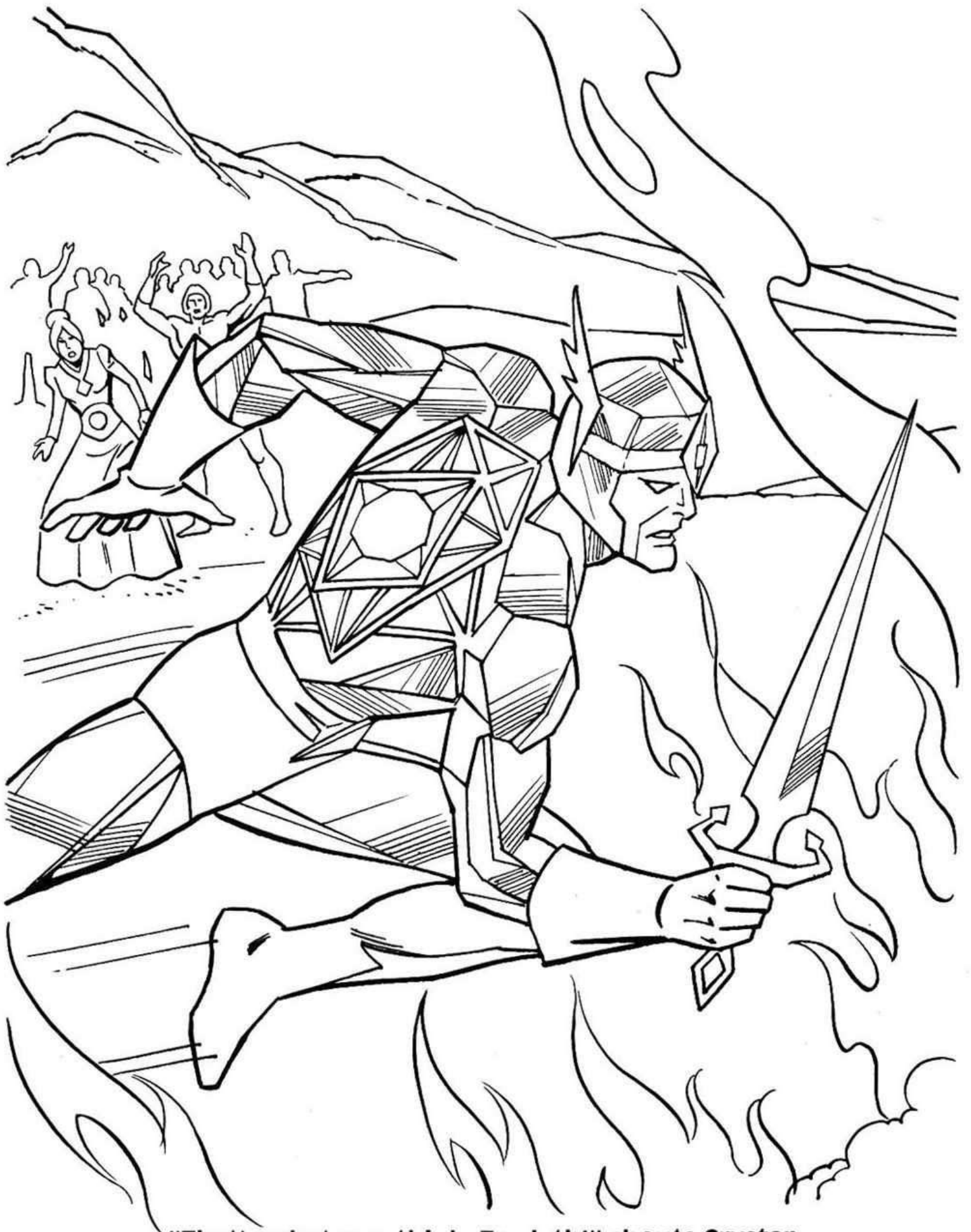


"Now for *my* magic spell!" says Zardeth. "I shall turn the mountains into giant rivers of *lava*!"

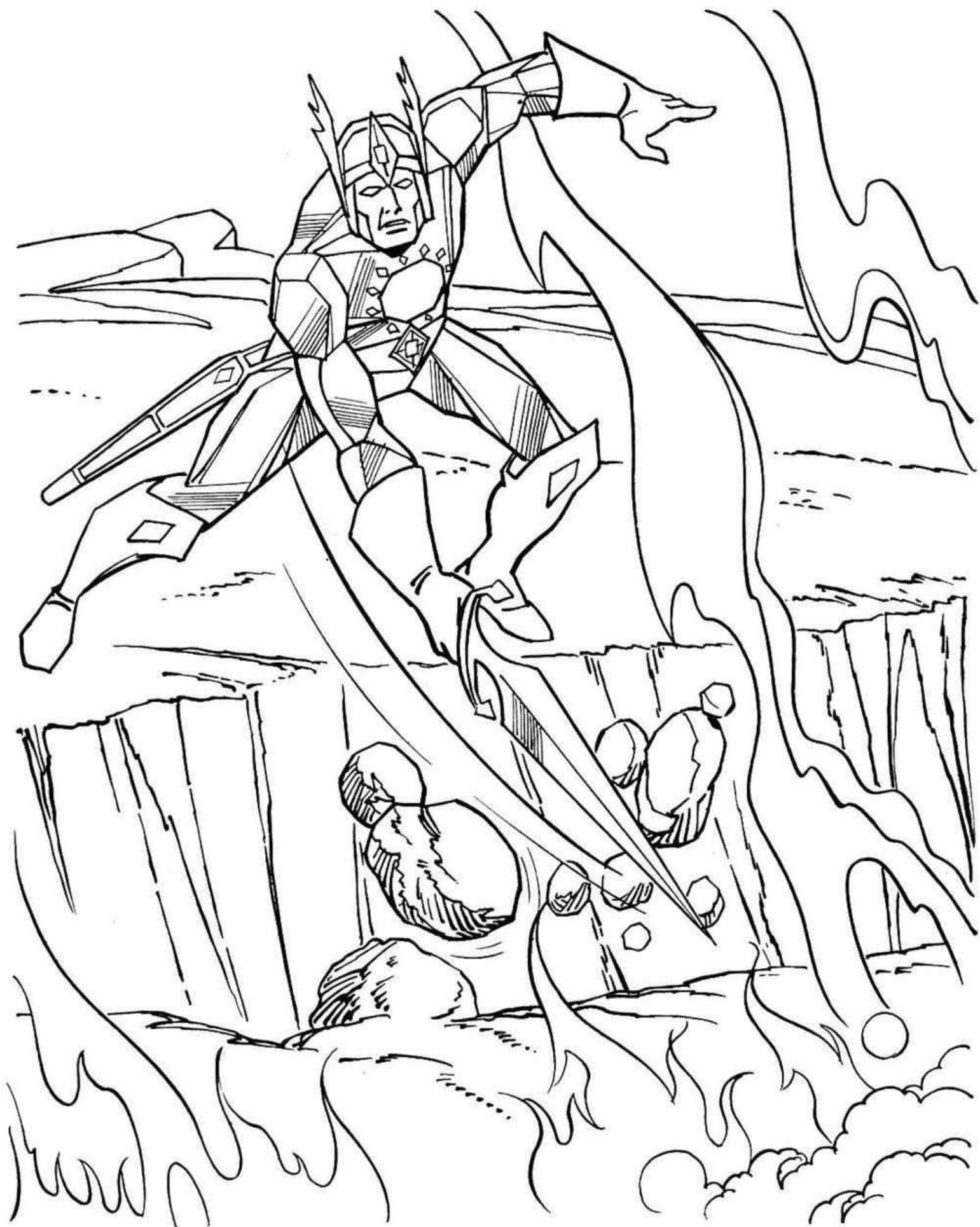


"Are you, too, going to transform the threat into a sign of peace?" asks Feldspar.

"No!" shouts Zardeth. "It will cover all of you! But it won't harm me or the Magma Men!"



**"That's what you think, Zardeth!" shouts Crystar.
"I know how to turn this tide!"**

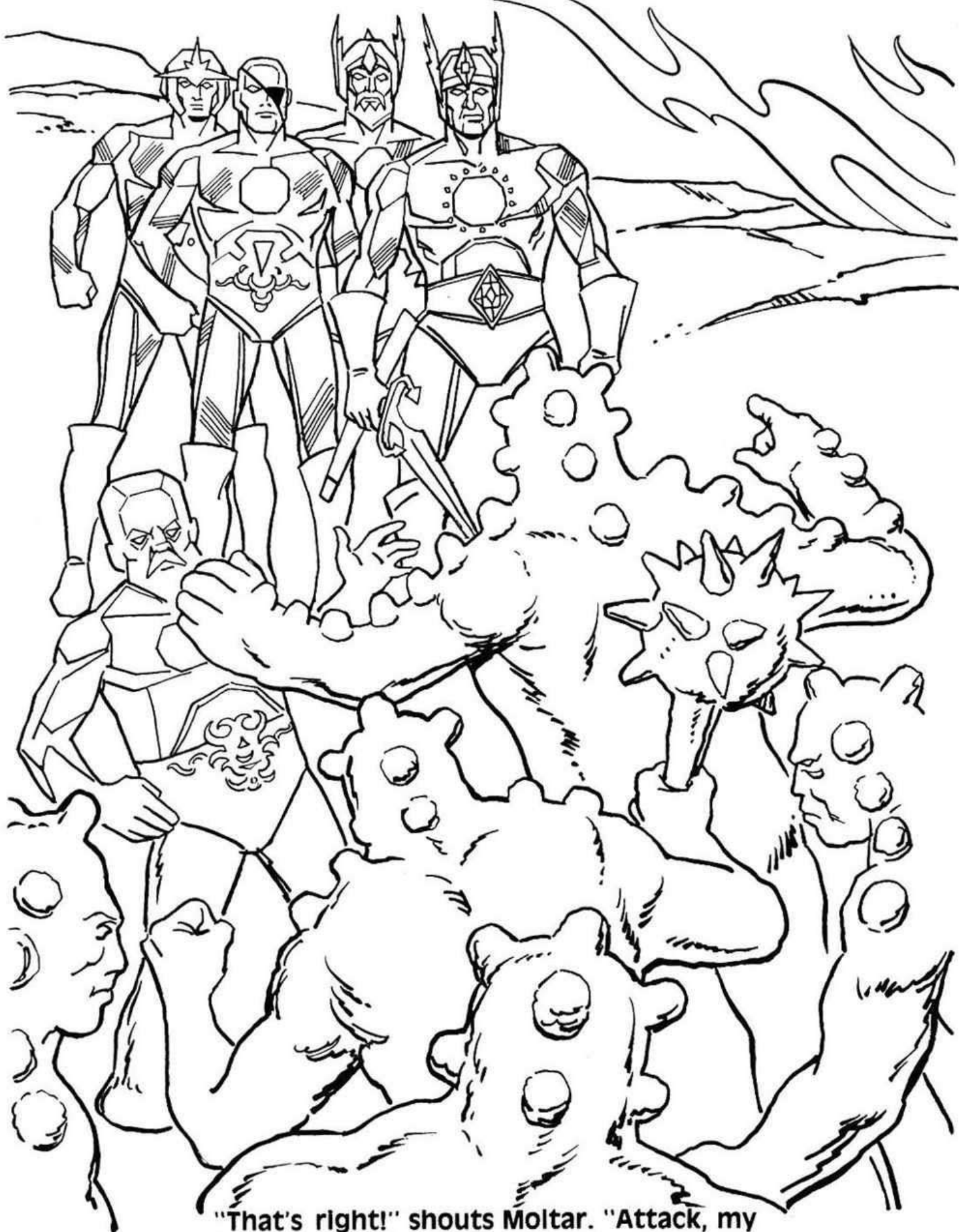


"I'll channel this lava to the sea!"



"Crystar did it! He saved all the crystal people!"

"You lied to me! You never wanted peace!" says Feldspar.



"That's right!" shouts Moltar. "Attack, my Magma Men! Crush the crystal warriors!"



Crystar and his warriors defend themselves against the Magma Men's fierce attack.



"Hurry, Moltar!" says Zardeth. "While the Magma Men fight, we shall conquer the unguarded city!"

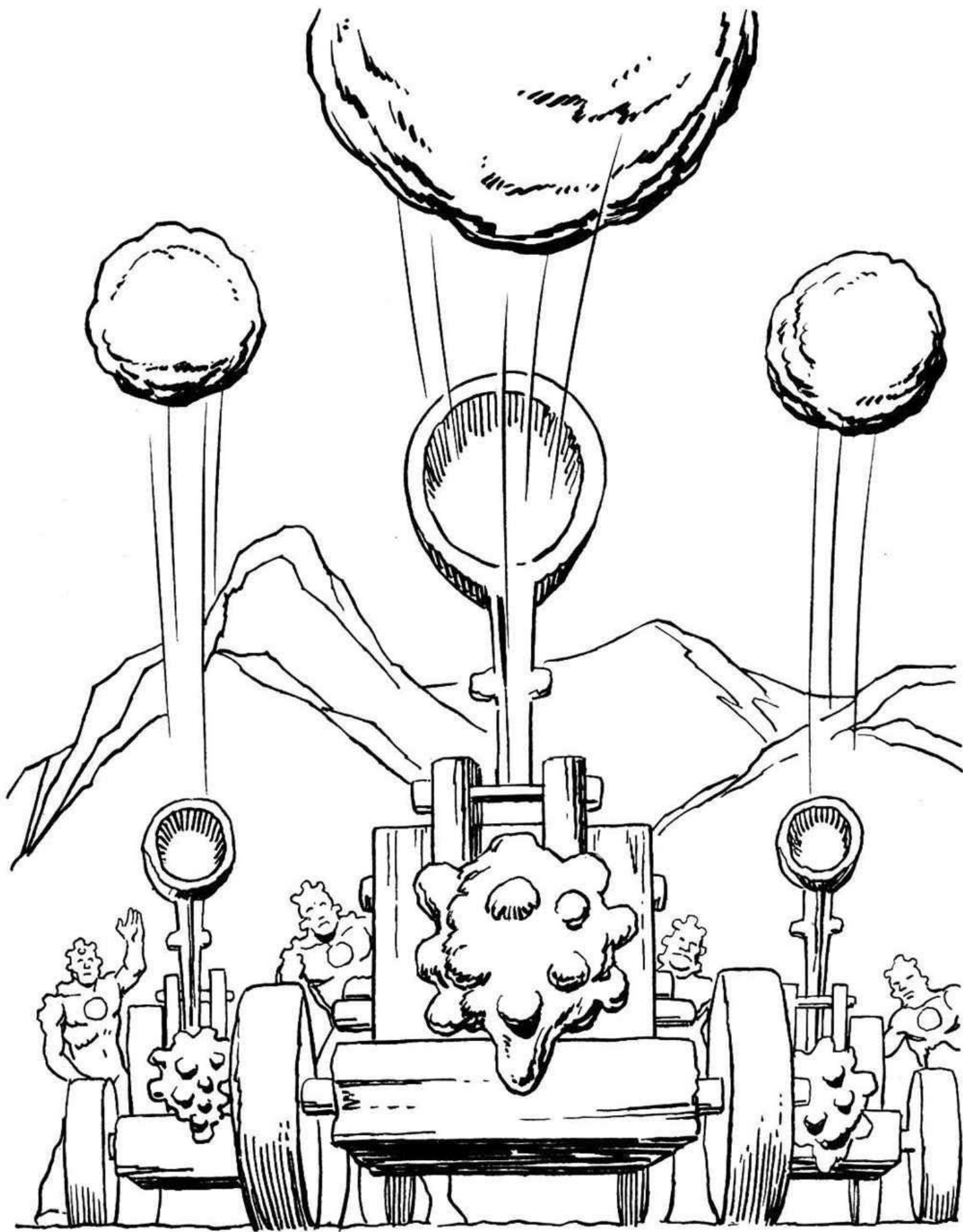
"Stalax! Help me!" screams Ambara.



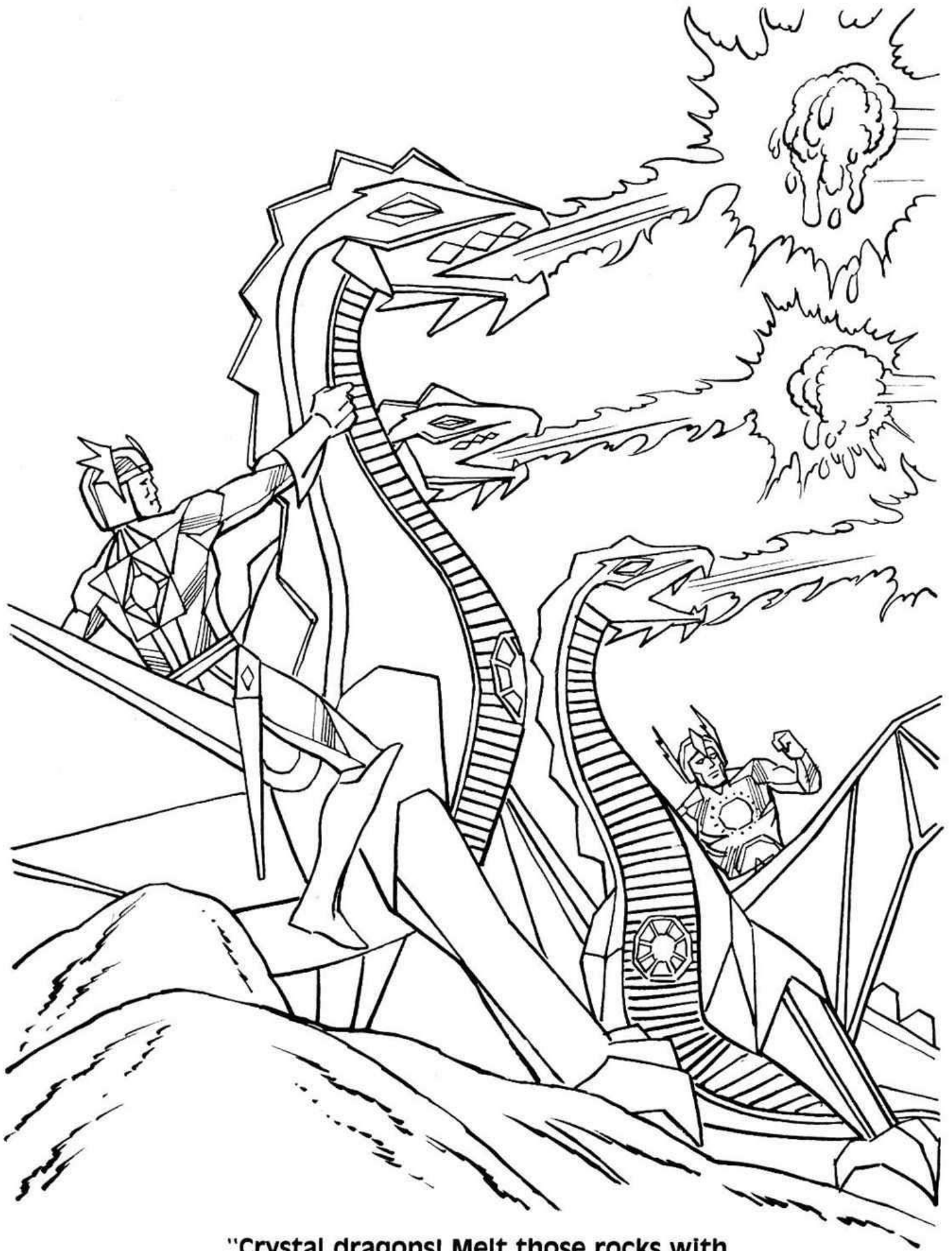
"Don't worry, Ambara! I'll save you!" shouts Stalax.



"No weapon can stand before my great crystal battle-axe!" shouts Stalax.



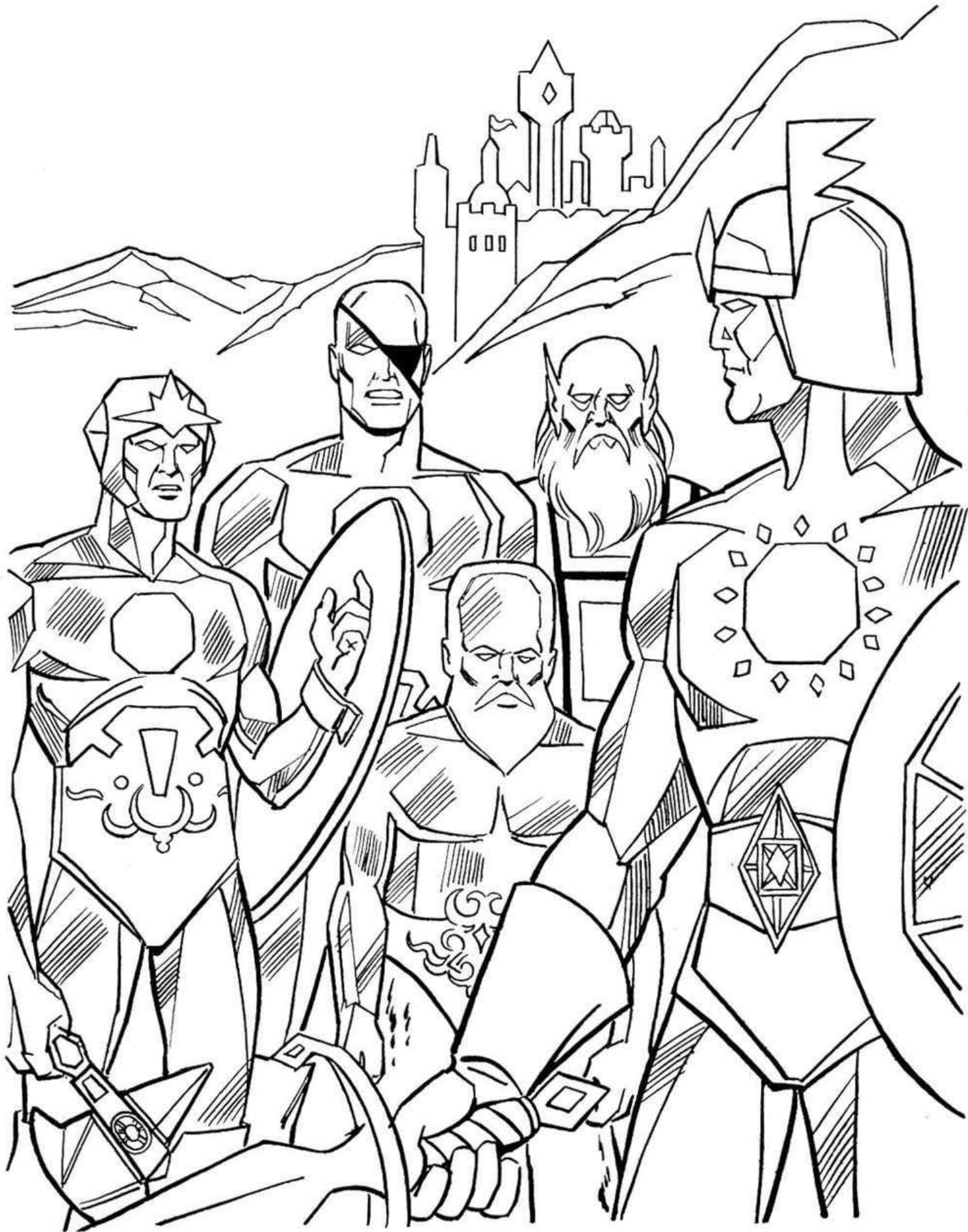
"Fire the shatterpults!"



"Crystal dragons! Melt those rocks with your fire-breath!" orders Crystar.



The Magma Men have lost!



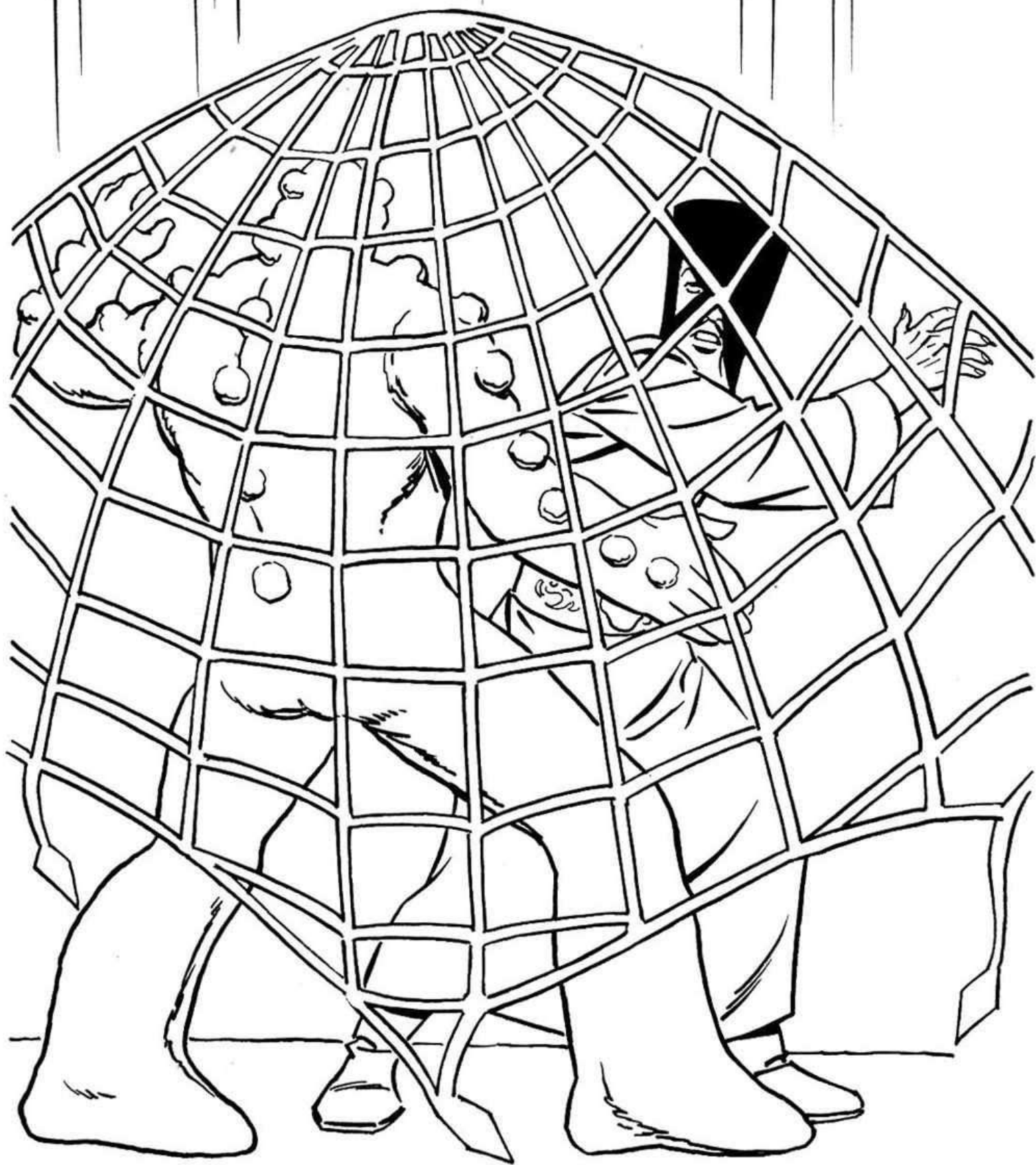
"We won the battle, Crystar, but what about our city, Galax?" asks Stalax.

Meanwhile, inside the city gates . . .



"We did It! Galax is ours!"

But suddenly: "What—? Oh no! It's Koth's *magic net!*"

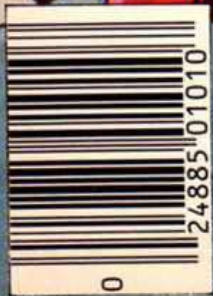


The mystic net can hold both Zardeth and Moltar!

"Let them go, Crystar! They learned their lesson!" says Feldspar.



"Very well, leave us, Moltar and Zardeth!" says Crystar. " But remember—never attack again, because you will lose!"



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